

IGUANA MEAT GOOD TO EAT.

And Yet This Member of
the Lizard Tribe Is
Poisonous as a
Rattlesnake.

The iguana, a fine campaign portrait of which appears on this page, is absolutely the newest find in the line of animal pets. Ugly, wrinkled, scaly, long-tailed, creeping thing, with a bite as poisonous as a cobra's—yet animal dealers are importing these giant lizards to New York by hundreds, and are disposing of them at a great rate.

There is one very singular thing about the iguana. Repulsive as he looks, connecting link as he must be between snake and crocodile, this same iguana makes the most delicate dish of victuals that ever passed the lips of a lover of good food. He is more luscious than the "possum, dear to the Southern dandy, and fricasseed chicken or the succulent roast pig of Yule are dry and uninteresting compared with the flesh of this awful looking thing.

The iguana belongs to the tropics. His looks show that his present prominence is due chiefly to the insurrection in Cuba. If it were not for the revolt in Cuba Libre against Spanish misrule, this particular iguana would probably not have his likeness in the Sunday Journal.

The immense sugar plantations of Cuba are great breeding places for the reptiles, and, left to propagate without obstacle, they are simply overrunning the country.

In times of peace the Cuban farmers carry a steady warfare on the iguanas, just as farmer in our States wars against the prairie dog, the army worm or the potato bug, now that they are busy "macheting" the cane fields, the iguanas grow and thrive.

are millions in number. When the cane fields are burned the iguanas take to the swamps, pell-mell, and the hundreds that are killed do not seem to diminish the number existing. None is destroyed by an arrow, save what the Cuban soldiery kill for food.

The iguana is different, in many respects, from the majority of the lizard family. The formation in general is similar, but this creature's head and tail and the color of his skin are different entirely from those of the ordinary lizard. When young the skin, which is coarse and scaly, is of a beautiful iridescent green, which changes to a dull brown hue as age advances.

Beneath the chin is a curiously developed formation which he can inflate at will. When the iguana gets his trunk up this pouch is puffed out almost to the bursting point, and he looks every bit as fierce as he can possibly feel. Along the back is a series of bony projections which grow sometimes to a height of five and six inches. They are sharp pointed and can be effectively used for defence.

The tail is almost twice as long as the body, and is down to a fine point. The tail is very brittle and it is a common occurrence, when a man seizes the iguana's tail, to have it snap off, leaving a part of it in his hand, while the owner of the appendage scurries off to a place of safety.

The iguanas range from three to six feet in length. The older ones, which attain the latter length, have an amazing amount of strength for their size. It is a job for an able-bodied man to hold one of them, and unless they are caught in one certain fashion—just back of the head—there is trouble for the man who has taken the task in hand.

Harry Halle, of No. 248 Grand street, Brooklyn, who deals in snakes and animals of foreign climes, has some very large iguanas at his place, which can give a man a tiresome tussle.

A NEW TABLE DELICACY FOR NEW YORK.



THE IGUANA, A LIZARD WHICH TASTES LIKE THE FINEST SPRING CHICKEN.

JEWELRY? WELL, RATHER.

This Western Candidate for Roof Garden
Glory Lashes Great Gems to the Backs
of Her Hands with Gold Chains.

The man who wrote the old rhyme:
Rings on her fingers and bell on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes.

had an Oriental image in his mind.
But here comes along a girl from the
West—Myrtle Turner—with a notion of
jewelry that would make the diamond-
decked favorites of a Sultan open their
eyes.

This maiden has come to New York look-
ing for a job on a roof garden, and the
gems with which she adorns her pretty
hands are bright enough and startling
enough to attract the attention of any man-
ager with half an eye.

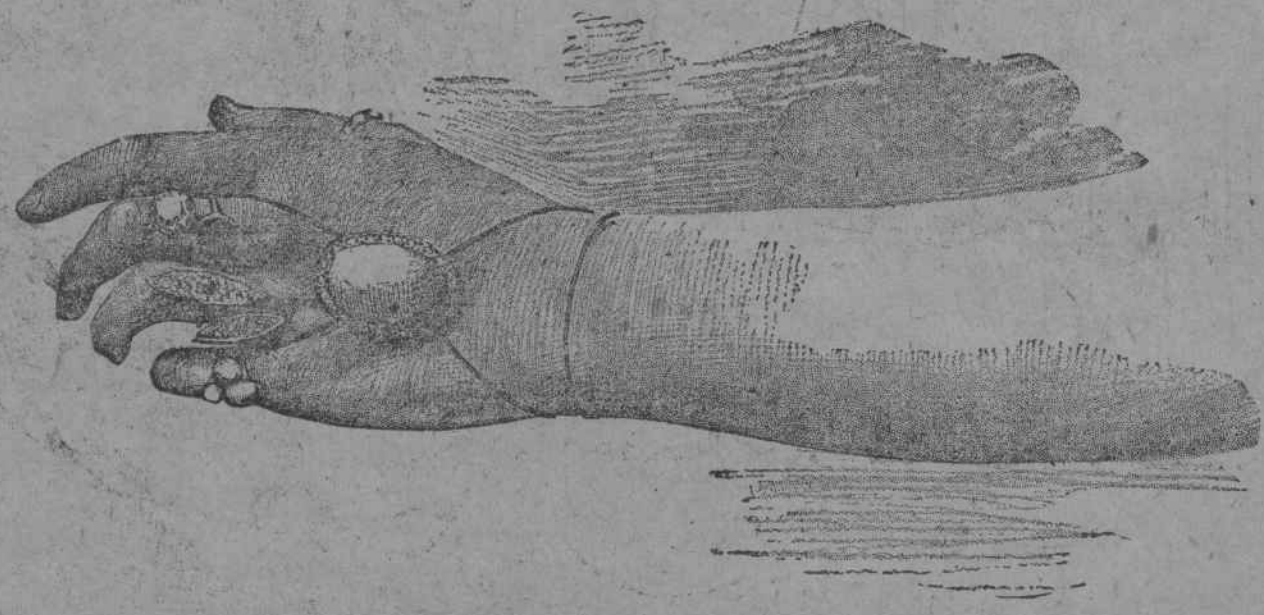
With a proper display of these decorated
hands she ought to make very rapid pro-
gress. New Yorkers may have a chance, by
and by, to find out whether she can sing or
not. Her friends say she can. But whether
she can or no, she will certainly have
the satisfaction of having taught New York
a lesson in jewelry.

This startling young woman always had
a penchant for diamonds, and rubies, and
emeralds. She wears rings on every finger
and both thumbs, and on every joint of

them all. But that was not sufficient. She
had a better scheme. She took a lot of
gold chains and lashed to the back of her

hand the biggest turquoise that money could
buy.
This stone, which she wears every day,

"wherever she goes," and which, with its
accompaniments, is dazzling the eyes and
taking away the breath of people in the



The Most Decorated Hand in New York.

Tenderloin... weighs twenty-four karats.
And, to make the effect of it all the more
amazing, it is surrounded with forty-two
diamonds, each weighing half a karat. So,
you see, there are twenty-one karats of first
water sparklers on the back of this young
woman's hand, beside the wealth of tur-
quoise and a bewildering assortment of
rings.

Miss Turner, who, for a stage name, calls
herself Titania, has offered her talents, tur-
quoise hand ornament and all, to the man-
agers of the vaudeville entertainment soon
to be given for the benefit of the Junior
Republic.

The wearing of this giant gem, which
measures an inch and a half in diameter, is
not the only startling thing that Miss Tur-
ner does. She rides horseback astride, as
most women in the East do not. But, be-
ing from Idaho and used to sitting a saddle
that way, she does not mind it. She won
glory in the West as a horsewoman. She
is known throughout Idaho and Utah as a
prize-winner at long-distance riding, stage
driving, pistol and rifle shooting and all
those energetic amusements which make
the Western girl so thoroughly competent
to take care of herself and whoever else
needs her protection.

But the West was not wide enough for
her; so here she is, with her figure, her
voice, her winning way, her dogs, her
rings, and a jeweled hand, the like of
which New York has never seen before.

REAL DOGS OF WAR.

The War Department
Contemplates Adding
This Feature to the
U. S. Army.

The United States War Department is
seriously contemplating the training of
dogs for use in the army. Abroad they
have been found most valuable in cam-
paigning, and many German regiments al-
ready have canine contingents. Before
long all of the great foreign military es-
tablishments will have troops of four-
legged soldiers, and it will not do for this
country to lag behind.

Dogs, properly selected and educated,
make the best sort of scouts and the most
capable carriers of orders in the field.
They are particularly useful for transmit-
ting information, in conveying messages
from advanced patrols and in maintaining
communication between posts and pickets.
Also they do excellent work in hunting up
missing men. Several breeds of dogs are
found highly suitable for military pur-
poses, notably poodles, shepherd dogs and
bird dogs. The kind does not matter so
much as the quality of the breed, which
must be pure. No mongrel makes a good
war dog. It is only in a well-bred dog that
the valuable qualities above mentioned are
developed in a superior degree.

All points considered, bird dogs make the
best war dogs. They unite the good qual-
ities of the poodle and shepherd dog, and
are distinguished by a lively sense of duty
and a devoted attachment to their masters.

The training of the dog detachment of a
battalion is managed by an officer, who
has special experience in such matters. He
selects assistants from among the corporals
and privates and gives them lessons in the
art of training. It is his duty to buy the
dogs, to distribute them among the com-
panies, to supervise the breeding and rear-
ing of pups, and to see that the animals
are properly cared for and fed. The prop-
erly educated war dog must carry messages
with certainty, running back from ad-
vanced patrols to detachments in the rear
and then returning. It is required to do
this sort of work with such efficiency as
to maintain communication between sen-
tinel and stationary detachments. The an-
imal must be taught to give notice to sen-
tinals of the approach of strangers.

The business of training war dogs has
been reduced to a perfect system. There
is a complete course of canine pedagogy,
with lessons as carefully formulated as
those of grammar and arithmetic for chil-
dren. The lessons pass gradually from the
simple to the difficult, and care is taken
never to demand more of the animal than
is intelligible to him.

A certain amount of training goes natu-
rally with the bringing up of the pup, but
the education proper should not be begun
before he is at least six months old. It
may be remarked here that the war dog is
always of the male persuasion.

The war dog wears a collar that has a
metal plate, bearing the name of the com-
pany to which he is attached—as, for
example, "Rifle Battery S. 2 Comp." He
carries a small canvas pouch, which is
closed by a button or buckle. These ar-
ticles, with a chain for fastening him when
required, constitute the whole of his equip-
ment. The canvas receptacle is called a
"report pouch." An idea of its purpose is
communicated to the dog by putting writ-
ten messages into it in his presence when
he departs on a mission, and taking them
out on his arrival. He soon learns that
he is carrying something from one end of
the trip that is wanted at the other. This
business of conveying messages is the
most important thing that the animal has
to learn. He ought to be able, after a
while, to go a distance of two miles or
more and return.

A Cannibal Girl and a Cannibal Boy Come to America to be Civilized.



LITTLE KING WOLMAN.

The son of a cannibal chief, fresh from
the wilds of Africa, is in New York. He
is a bright little fellow, fifteen years of
age. Five weeks ago he was put on a ship
at Free Town, West Africa. Until then
he had never worn "store" clothes. His
name is Wolman, and he is at present at
the New York Foreign Missionary Insti-
tute.

Wolman is educated. He attended for
four years the missionary school at Free
Town. He is precocious to a marked de-
gree. He not only speaks and writes the
English language correctly, but has mas-
tered French as well.

And he has all the pride of learning.
Asked if his father is a chief, the little
Hottentot replied:

"Sir, I am a Prince of the royal blood.
I am a King—a King by the grace of God
Bethel. That means I am ruler by Divine
right. You see me now the son of a
dispossessed race. But for a thousand
years the sacred fire of my people has
burned in the war camp and the kral, and
some day we will claim our heritage
again."

Wolman's accent is that of the educated
Parisian who speaks the English language
fluently. But he is most deliberate in his
enunciation, and he expresses himself on
all subjects with the gravity of a states-
man. It is amusing to hear this fifteen-
year-old boy in his utterly new environ-
ment, speaking as if the fate of Africa
hung upon his words.

He has terribly vivid memories of his
childhood. When only eight years of age,
he kral of his father was captured by a
neighboring tribe, and Wolman, hiding in
a tree top, saw his father and mother
butchered and sixty of his relatives killed.
He escaped to a mountain in the neigh-
borhood. That night he saw the kral
on fire and one by one the bodies of his
people thrown among the embers.

He determined to leave such scenes for-
ever.

He had heard from a wonderful white
man in his father's country that far away,
more than one hundred leagues, there was
a big white kral where there was no mur-
der. He knew that the cattle paths led to
the white kral and that the warriors
sometimes went there. He resolved that
he, too, would go to the white man's coun-
try.

This resolve Wolman carried out.
After travelling for eight days he reached
Free Town. There he met a missionary

and was taken into the missionary school.
He remained there four years.

To know that this fifteen-year-old boy,
whose infancy was spent amid scenes of
crime and carnage has improved his oppor-
tunity for self-improvement it is only nec-
essary to talk to him.

The American Board of Foreign Missions
has brought him to New York to complete
his education.

He will remain in the United States for
eight years, and then when his education
is completed he will return to Africa as a
missionary to "his people."

His plans are most ambitious. For this
Prince of the royal blood has planned it
all out. He will convert his people. He
will convert Africa, and then—well, may-
hap he will come to his own—to the throne
of his fathers.

"Why not?" he says. "Our people but
want the opportunities and they will make
as much progress as the great white people.
And they can better be ruled by one of
their own color than by the whites."

Wolman, you see, has learned more
Christianity than some of his white breth-
ren.

MISS MEMMA STEWART.

The ten-year-old daughter of an African
king and a cannibal mother is in America,
being educated for missionary work. She
was brought here by Mrs. D. A. Day, the
wife of a Lutheran missionary. Mrs. Day
died recently at Sunbury, Pa., of fever
contracted in the African jungle.

The little girl, who is a real princess,
is now in Pittsburg. She is living at the
home of Rev. D. R. P. Barry. There she
was found by a reporter for the Journal.
She was sewing doll clothes and pined
needle much better than thousands of
twelve-year-old American girls. The stitch-
es were even and carefully made, and the
hemming would have suited the most ex-
acting housewife.

Her Christian name is Memma Stewart.
She is a full-blooded African, and as black
as the ten of spades. She has kinky black
hair and regular features. With this com-
bination she has blue eyes, and in her own
country she would certainly pass as a re-
markably pretty child.

The girl's father is now known as Henry
O. Stewart. He was converted to Christ-
ianity by Mrs. Day's husband. Before he
was baptized by Mr. Day he had no name,
so far as Memma knows. He is king of

the tribe of Kikassa. They have their habi-
tation near Monrovia, the seaport of Li-
beria. Most of the members of the tribe
have been converted and have stopped eat-
ing human flesh. Others refused to have
anything to do with the missionaries, and
are still living in the bush. Among these
is Yah Yi, Memma's mother.

Memma attends the Eleventh ward pub-
lic school in Pittsburg, and is in the second
reader grade. She was taught to read in
Africa.

In some of the Pittsburg ward schools
there is a prejudice against colored chil-
dren. Memma shows in her face and in
every movement that she is way above the
average negro child, and few could object
to her. The Eleventh ward, however, is
thickly populated with negroes, and there
is no trouble on that score.

When the reporter asked Memma to tell
something to the Journal readers about
cannibalism she said: "What little can-
nibalism there is now is back in the interior
or bush, where the natives have not had
the refining influences of the white peo-
ple. Our people delight in hunting
monkeys, which they eat. Monkeys taste
good and the soup is very good. Very often
I taste things that make me think of
monkey soup. As far back as I can re-
member, we cooked all the meat we ate.
Everything is dumped into a big pot, which
is set over a fire and left to simmer. After
the meat the same pot, in many cases, is
used to wash babies in. Once Mr. Day
stopped at a hut along a road and asked for
a drink of water. A woman who was
washing her baby in a cooking pot offered
him a drink of the water in which she
was bathing the baby. Then he lost his
thirst."

Memma, while having her black, kinky
head crammed with book learning and re-
ligious instructions, has a good time like
other little girls. She has dolls, dishes,
picture books and lots of toys. She has
a score of paper dolls from which she
gets much amusement. All her week-
day dolls were dressed by herself.

The Princess finds a big difference be-
tween the climate of Pittsburg and that of
Mount Coffee, her father's place. She does
not like the Northern Winters. Last Win-
ter during the severe weather she wished
she was back in Liberia. But she is happy
here now though, and says she will be
glad to go back after she becomes a mis-
sionary.



MISS MEMMA STEWART.